

COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VIII.

St. Joseph's College, Dec. 1, 1915.

No. 6.

Hammond Athletics 0; St. Joe 16.

This was the last game of the season and St. Joe's battle scarred and oft victorious band of gladiators came upon the sands grimly determined to add another victory to their record. The Hammond eleven, a heavier and more pugnacious looking aggregation than that which faced us last year, came with the firm intention of blotting out their last year's defeat.

The game started with Hammond's kick off, St. Joe defending the north goal. All through the first quarter the strong defensive of both teams made the final issue appear uncertain. The bitter cold, that swept across the open plains from the north west, numbed the players' hands and fumbles on both sides were a frequent result. McCaffrey's and McLaughlin's double passes and Bruin's twenty yard gain featured this quarter which ended with the ball inside the enemy's ten yard line.

The second quarter opened with a snap and a rush and before Hammond knew it Bruin had placed the ball over for a touchdown. John McCaffrey then kicked goal. Wellman again showed his football instinct by always being Johnny On The Spot when the ball was in play. Whenever a runner dropped real heavy or a fumbled ball was recovered Wellman was always at the bottom of it. There were no more scores in this quarter.

The second half opened with a big gain by W. Seyfried. St. Joe strode right down the field. In a short time Wellman carried the ball over and gained a touchdown. McCaffrey then kicked goal. This brought the score up to 16 to Hammond's 0. After carrying the ball up and down the field the third quarter finally ended with the ball on Hammond's 40 yd. line.

The fourth quarter was fast and snappy. Although Hammond tried very hard to score in this quarter, St. Joe's line held them to no score. The feature of this quarter was the twenty yard gain by McCaffrey. The game proved the most interesting of the entire season.

St. Xavier 15 vs. All Stars 24

The first basketball game of the season at St. Joe was between St. Xavier and the All Stars. The game all the way through was fast and somewhat footbally. The referees were very strict and many fouls were called on both sides. The snappy playing of the All Stars and the good shooting of their forwards proved too much for the boys from the South Side, and when the whistle blew they were lacking in points. The feature of the games played with the North Side is the rooting. Each team has leather-lunged adherents who are not afraid of letting themselves be heard.

The A. A. Board met Sunday, Nov. 28, to choose the Varsity which is to represent St. Joe in basketball this coming season. Out of twenty candidates the following were chosen to constitute the team: A. Deery, M. Lause, W. Seyfried, J. Tremel, J. Bruin and T. Fettig.

Although some of the best basketball material cannot be approached on account of several reasons, still St. Joe has a quintette that will be hard to beat. Our opponents had better be prepared for a trimming when they meet the aggregation from St. Joe. We hope to keep up our practice of bringing home the bacon and hope to have no losses accredited in our score books when the season ends.

Heard in the pit during the second act of Julius Caesar:

Cecil (to Bomholt): "The best part is yet to come. They kill that big fellow—Caesar, I think they call him—and when they have stabbed him, he says, 'Oh, you Brute!'"

Quick hook!

Don't Fail

to win a beautiful box of chocolates at the Candy Store. It will make a fine Christmas present. adv.

False Alarm.

It was the sleepy Thanksgiving day afternoon of a one road town. We had indulged in a picture show and were emerging from the white fronted movie house which shouted its blazing placards across the street at its idle rival. Being quite under the spell of that drowsy, dissipated feeling, which is about all one is expected to retain from four reels of roaring farce and comedy, we walked aimlessly down the street in the general direction of the ball park, half heartedly debating whether we should take in the foot ball game or not. As we came to the corner garage a mechanic, who was standing on the sidewalk looking up towards the top of a brick building across the street, called our wandering attention to the dense white smoke which was issuing from a chimney there. We stopped and gazed at it with the languid interest with which one watches the blue cloud strata of his Sunday after-dinner cigar. A stiff breeze from the south west was blowing the smoke over the flat roof and down into the street where it hung, a brownish transparent curtain.

A native, who had been engaged in supporting the wall of the post office building on the opposite corner, joined us in our reverie, and he was shortly followed by two other citizens. Very soon it began to appear as if about one seventh of the population had been to picture shows or had been holding up portions of the various buildings about town. Thicker and faster they began to come and with them an entirely new and quite original conception, for they no longer gazed in silence, but some very audibly expressed their opinions that the smoke was caused by a conflagration somewhere within the building from which the chimney projected. Around distant corners, and out of doors they came, anxious men, shop keepers their white aprons fluttering in the wind, girls running, young men trying hard not to run nor to appear very interested, and the inevitable boy on his bike, all came, grotesque shadows through the brownish haze.

With the scene thus set, enter to flourish of alarm bells and clattering hoofs the fire wagon, gay in its red paint and polished brass, drawn on by its team of galloping bays, their driver tugging mightily at the reins. They pull up and stop before the chimneyed building, and the two fire fighters too become absorbed in open-mouthed contemplation of the streaming white smoke clouds. Two volunteers dash breathlessly through the throngs and

climb upon and about the wagon for a brief space, as if searching for something, after which they enter the building. Two ladies and a child hurry out and run across the street. Upstairs a window opens and an old woman looks wonderingly out, then quickly disappears.

The buzzing crowds surged back and forth their necks craned and all eyes intent upon the smoke as if there lurked therein some mystery. One spectacled old gentleman where we stood, took forth from his pocket a large reading glass through which, after he had carefully polished it on his coat sleeve, he critically examined the situation and seeming to have come to a definite conclusion, he spat with great satisfaction upon the street: and off to one side of the town somewhere, a fire whistle sobbed. A little red "Brush" of very ancient design, with an old man sitting stiffly upright at the wheel, undisturbed by the excitement raging around him, crept snail like across the front of the scene and slowly disappeared down the side street.

The two volunteers came out of the building and climbed upon the wagon which drove up the street. The crowds began slowly to disperse. The native on the opposite corner resumed his position against the side of the post-office building. The mechanic went into his shop, and in a little while life had settled back again into the base realities of moving picture shows and football games.



O'Mera and Beckert, while laying over in the great metropolis of the Middle West, went into a saloon to refresh themselves. The bartender looked them over suspiciously, and then asked:

"What'll y' have?"

O'Mera: "Bring me a beer."

B. T.: "What'll YOU have?"

Beckert: "Why, you can bring me a beer, too."

B. T.: "How old are y'?"

Beckert: "Why-er, you can bring me a pop."

COLLEGE CHEER

Published Semi-monthly by the Cheer Pub. Co

5c per copy. 75c per year. \$1.00 by mail.

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Address: College Cheer, Collegeville, Ind.

Editorials.

EVERY man from Adam down has nominated this a funny world, and for ages past they have been still further qualifying it as old, — very probably thinking in their hearts that there is no fool like an old fool. Just when we are enjoying the sunshine, dark clouds drive over the sky and all grows dark and dreary. In the oppressive gloom which has settled on our spirits we see men turn against us, our best friends forsake us, all our ventures fail; we begin to forget that the sun had ever shone and we despair of its ever shining again. Your superiors become your oppressors, and dark rebellion enters your soul; in every smile you read a sneer, and in every kind act a selfish motive; you begin to think this funny old world a "helluva world." You go on sinking deeper in your despair until one more th' ightful than the rest who have been stepping on your feet turns and tells you to take off your shoes and trim your corns. How foolish of you not to have thought of that before! You do his bidding and when you look up again the sun is breaking through the clouds. After you have given yourself a good, old-fashioned cussin' and looked around a bit, the clouds are gone, leaving the sky clear and bright.

What fools we mortals are. And the age of the human race makes us all very old fools. All our sorrows are more or less subjective, and we can be happy if we will. If there are spots on the sun now and then, it is only the poor boob with the smoked glasses who will find them. Keep your specs polished and your corns trimmed —

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
This grand old earth must borrow your mirth,
It has grief enough of its own.

SOME men are born stupid; others by practice acquire a marked degree of stupidity: others leave the doors to the gym dressing room open. To which class of these does the fellow belong who held a picture of two of the long-eared species in his hand while he recited the lines; "When shall we three meet again?" Is he the same fellow who enters the dorm with his shoes on? Is he the same fellow who throws rocks, clubs and the like on the ice. Does he ever tell you one day that you need a shave and on the next day ask you why you are shaving?

Here's to the Boys!

Oh, here's to the boys who'll bring home the bacon;
To the boys who will clean up the five;
They're a likely lot unless we're mistaken,
And they'll do their best for St. Joe.

Here's Deery Al, who's as tall as a giraffe,
The boy with the never-miss eye;
And for Lause Matt we'll give one loud riff-raff,
For him to pile up points is a pie.

And next in line Wil Seyfried we come to.
He says he'll make lots of noise;
And Stewart Jim, the foe he'll stick onto,
Why, there's a great pair of boys.

Here's Tremel Joseph, the Junior League all star,
And also Bruin and Ted,
A trio to fear when once they're at real war.
Is that enough to put us ahead?

Looking for the Millenium.

When we are all as glad to hear the rising bell as we are to hear the breakfast bell, when we are delighted at everything we see on the table at meals, when everyone gets mail every mail day, when no one flunks, when no juniors are booked, when Greek is dropped from the curriculum, when the smoking club benches arrive, when the sun shines all night, when the radiator near our desk is hot in the morning: then and only then will the habitual knocker throw away his hammer and buy a megaphone.

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